

# The Alaskan Churchman

MAY, 1956

Number



O YE+ICE+AND+SNOW  
BLESS+YE+THE+LORD  
PRAISE+HIM+AND+  
MAGNIFY HIM FOREVER





# Missionary District of Alaska

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Fairbanks, Alaska

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The design on the cover of this magazine is the work of Paul Eustace Ziegler. In art, it brings to Alaska the wondrous events and great characters connected with the Nativity of Our Lord and the Feast of the Epiphany.

The Blessed Virgin, who holds the Christ Child, is an Indian maid. A Fisherman, a Miner, and a Trapper represent the Wise Men who came from afar to offer their gifts and adoration. A fishnet, a screen of stately spruce trees, and towering, snowclad mountains form a lovely reredos. On either side stand members of that "glorious company of the Apostles" to guard the Holy Child.

# The Alaskan Churchman

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## OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

Many times the greatest sermons are the briefest and simplest ones. We doubt if a finer sermon on sacrificial giving was ever preached than the one presented in a recent letter to the Bishop. We print it below in its entirety:

Dear Bishop Gordon:

I was saving up this \$20.00 to go to camp with but one of the rector's changed my mind with a talk he gave at St. Mark's. I don't know much about Alaska except that I would like to live up there and be a trapper. I know that the Indians need God so I am sending the money.

Yours sincerely,  
Steve Kidder

We hope somehow Steve still gets to camp, but surely his \$20.00 freely and sacrificially given for the mission of the Church and God's people here must be worth at least a million in the coin of the Kingdom of God.

The following poem was written by David McPhetres, son of the Rev. and Mrs. Samuel A. McPhetres of Holy Trinity Parish, Juneau. As David begins his ninth year in Alaska with his family he expresses in words what many of us in the Northland feel in our hearts about this great land.

## THE GREAT SURPRISE

*When God created the great world  
He had some extra ground,  
So He took it way up north  
And spread it all around.*

*The valleys are His fingerprints,  
With trees spread here and there,  
And in the woods He put some things  
Called deer and moose and bear.*

*In the winter it grew dark  
And so He brought some lights  
And overhead He hung them high,  
To shine on Arctic nights,*

*Then for extra beauty,  
He hung the great North Star,  
And on a point, the Dipper,  
To shine on from afar.*

*And when all was finished  
Up in the great Northwest,  
God saw of all the things He'd made,  
Alaska was the best.*



Mendenhall Glacier



# THE BISHOP'S LOG--1956

January 1—Sunday: Out to airfield early. Heated engine of the flying "Blue Box" with a plumber's firepot. Considerable difficulty in getting skis of plane broken loose from the new snow on field. Finally off the ground at 9:30 a.m. for hour's flight to Stevens Village to hold services there since we have no worker stationed in that village. Ten minutes out of Fairbanks over the low mountains to the north the engine of the plane began missing quite badly. I hastily turned back towards Fairbanks and managed to make it back to the airfield safely. Later found float stuck in the carburetor cutting off the gas supply to the engine—so no service in Stevens Village today. What a way to start the new year!

January 2-6: Work in my office preparing annual report and catching up on much correspondence.

January 7: Flew to Anchorage in a U. S. Air Force plane. I am extended this courtesy whenever I am providing services for military personnel and it is a great convenience.

January 8: All Saints', Anchorage. Preached at two services—confirmed

nineteen and received one from the Roman Church. Eight of these persons confirmed were presented by Chaplain Gordon Roth of the U. S. Air Force at Elmendorf Field. P.M.: Service at the new St. Mary's Mission in Anchorage—a thriving new venture under the care of the Rev. Philip Jerauld.

January 9-11: Spent these days visiting the Air Force and Alaska Native Service hospitals—attending Kiwanis and Chamber of Commerce luncheons—a parish dinner at All Saints'—meetings of All Saints' Vestry and St. Mary's Mission Committee and meetings with St. Margaret's Guild as well as many personal contacts with friends in Anchorage.

January 12-14: Visiting with the Rev. Russell Clapp at his stations on the Kenai Peninsula at Homer, Kenai and Seldovia and the military post at Wildwood Station, near Kenai, then drove with Fr. Clapp to Seward.

January 15: Confirmation and Holy Communion at St. Peter's; visited patients in Seward Tuberculosis Sanatorium and spoke at St. Peter's Parish Dinner.



"Firepotting" the BLUE BOX at Minto

January 16: Flew to Anchorage with Cordova Airlines. In Anchorage picked up the old Piper Pacer I had left in Anchorage in October and flew it, bucking a rugged head wind, back to Fairbanks—landing just as it began to get real dark, but good to get home.

January 17-19: In Office.

January 20: Left Fairbanks 10 p.m. with Pan American Airways for Atlanta, Georgia.

January 21: Arrived in Atlanta 11:30 p.m.; Twenty hours total elapsed time (Fairbanks is five hours earlier than Atlanta).

January 22: Breakfast with young people of St. Luke's Church; 9:30 a.m., St. Luke's; preached at Family Service: 11 a.m., St. Luke's; preached again—a most cordial welcome from the rector and people of this fine parish. Lunch with a young Army man who had been stationed in Fairbanks, and his family. P. M.: spoke to young people of St. Philip's Cathedral—was delighted to have the opportunity to thank this group for the jeep they provided for the church in Alaska two years ago.

January 23: Drove to Greenville, South Carolina—Spoke to Men's Club of Christ Church and many lady guests—also showed slides of Alaska. Was surprised to see snow falling afterward—first in some years, I understand and probably just to make me feel at home!

January 24: Drove to Aiken, South Carolina—4 PM; Addressed women of the Auxiliary of the Diocese of Upper South Carolina. PM; Preached at evening service of Auxiliary Convention. Attended reception afterward and was repected!

January 25: Drove to Macon, Georgia: 5 PM; Appeared on local TV program. 7:30 PM; Preached at evening service of the Convention of the Diocese of Atlanta—repected again.

January 25: Drove to Columbus, Georgia. Met informally with small group here in the home of the rector and showed slides of Alaska.

January 27: Flew in private plane to Albany, Georgia. Met informally with clergy of area in afternoon. PM: Preached at evening service.

January 28: Flew to Augusta, Georgia—inspected the grounds of the Augusta National Golf Course—arrived too late to play—although a lovely day for it.

January 29: Church of the Good Shepherd. Preached at 9:30 and 11 AM services and attended parish dinner. PM: Christ Church, Augusta; Preached—drove with Bishop Cole of Upper South Carolina to Columbia afterwards.

January 30: Flew to Greensboro, North Carolina and spent the night at my home in Spray, North Carolina.

January 31: Drove 350 miles visiting several members of my family.

February 1: Train to Alexandria, Virginia. Conferred with several men here about future work in Alaska.

February 2: AM; Seminary Chapel—preached at morning service. More conferences. PM: Flew from Washington, D. C. to Seattle.

February 3: Flew from Seattle to Ketchikan, Alaska. PM: Dinner with Vestry of St. John's Church.

February 4: Visited several people and had conferences with our Ketchikan clergy, Frs. Watkins and Hodgkins. 6 PM: Spoke at Loyalty Dinner for St. John's.

February 5: AM: Spoke to St. John's Sunday school—11 AM; Celebrated Holy Communion and preached at St. John's—4 PM; Met with St. Elizabeth's Council—5:30 PM; Parish Dinner at St. Elizabeth's. Made brief address. 7:30 PM: Evening Prayer and Sermon at St. Elizabeth's—Reception afterwards.

February 6: Returned to Fairbanks (800 miles) with Pan American Airways.

February 7: Brief meeting with St. Matthew's vestry about proposed addition to Parish Hall to accommodate



missionaries passing through Fairbanks.

February 9: Conference with Air Force captain concerning the church and the ministry.

February 10: Recorded a week's morning devotions for use by local radio station.

February 11: Flew to Minto, accompanied by Miss Blanche Myers, my secretary who is retiring from the field. Met with several of the Minto people in regard to village problems. 7 PM: Celebrated Holy Communion and preached—church was full even though the service was held on Saturday night so that I can fill in at Nenana tomorrow.

February 12: Flew with Miss Myers to Nenana—temperature on the Tanana River where we landed was forty-four below zero—so slow warming engine up. 11 AM: Celebrated Holy Communion at St. Mark's, Nenana, and preached. Priest here now on furlough. After service and a good southern dinner flew to Fairbanks.

February 17: Flew to Tanacross for my annual visitation. Sent word ahead and the people at Tanacross had marked out a small landing strip on the ice of the Tanana River by stick-

ing small spruce trees along the edge and they thoughtfully had packed the strip by walking on it with snowshoes back and forth. It was still rough and soft, but landable!

February 18: Conferred with the Rev. Robert Greene, inspected his fine new log home, built last summer following a disastrous fire last year, and visited the people in their homes.

February 19: Celebrated Holy Communion and preached in St. Timothy's Church with a fine congregation—the church was warmer than at the time of my last visit, thank goodness! PM: Flew with Mr. Greene to Tetlin, an outstation of the Tanacross Mission. Temperature dropped to fifty below tonight—Evening service in St. Andrew's Church. Spent night in little 10x10 "Rectorette" at Tetlin—a fine little log cabin, but the fire went out during the night and Bob Greene outlasted me in the morning so building the fire at fifty below outside and near that inside, was an interesting experience! Moral—be a sound sleeper like Bob Greene!

February 20: 5 PM: Holy Communion and Sermon. I entertained the village with a movie afterwards—another night and another cold fire—building chore the next morning!



Tetlin "Rectorette"





Little Paul and Children at Eagle

February 21: Flew to Fairbanks, stopping at Tanacross en route to drop Mr. Greene. PM: Conference with Dr. S. Donald Palmer of the Fort Yukon hospital.

February 22-24: In the Office.

February 25: Fish and Wildlife Service office called to tell me they had eighteen hundred pounds of moose meat (killed by the engine of the Alaska Railroad) that was for charitable purposes and the hospital at Fort Yukon could have it if I would take it away so I loaded in six hundred pounds and flew to Fort Yukon and returned to Fairbanks with Miss Jean Aubrey as a passenger on her way back to her post in Shageluk after recuperating at Fort Yukon with a broken leg.—PM: Made another trip to Fort Yukon with more moose meat and went on to Circle—an Indian village seventy miles up the Yukon from Fort Yukon.—8 PM: Evening Prayer, Confirmation and Sermon. Confirmed two children prepared by their mother—a devoted Indian church woman.

February 25: Got up very early and flew to Eagle—110 miles upriver. Had to follow nearly every bend of the river because of snow and fog en-

route.—11 AM: St. John's Church—celebrated Holy Communion and preached. Later baptized an infant too young to bring to church.—7:45 PM: St. Paul's Church, Eagle City—Evening Prayer and sermon.

February 27: Flew to Fairbanks. Had to go via Fort Yukon, following the river because of bad weather and had a tough time getting in to Fairbanks because of fog and light snow around the city. PM: Left for Shageluk with Miss Jean Aubrey. However, near Bearpaw encountered severe weather and had to follow Kantishna River back to the Tanana River and thence down river to Tanana where we remained overnight.

February 28: Cold—minus thirty five; Arose at 3:45 AM; Heated plane and got off with Miss Aubrey about 6 AM—just at dawn. Flew 350 miles to Shageluk and surprised Harriet Keefer at breakfast. Dropped Miss Aubrey, picked up Miss Keefer and flew 400 miles to Fairbanks. Miss Keefer enroute back to her post at Fort Yukon after filling in for Miss Aubrey. —3:30 PM: Finally got to a organizational meeting of the Alaska Association of Churches that began here in Fairbanks this morning.



February 29: Continued meeting of Association of Churches. I was elected president of the Association for a two-year term.

March 2: Flew to Valdez directly over the Chugach Range at 10,000 feet. Beautiful, fine trip until I let down in the pocket in the mountains where Valdez is situated and encountered considerable turbulence from the gusty winds there.—PM: Parish dinner with Valdez congregation.

March 3: Helped the Rev. Robert Grumbine shovel snow (a usual pastime here where thirty feet of snow per winter is not unusual!) Had pleasant informal time with members of the congregation in rectory in evening.

March 4: Epiphany, Valdez—Confirmed seven candidates and preached.—PM: Drove to airfield at Valdez in high wind—road and airplane badly drifted—dug plane out, but too windy for take off. Started back to town, but road drifted in and could not make it. Wind eased up a little and took off for Cordova (90 miles) with Fr. Grumbine. Wind had eased up mighty

little and it was a rough trip until we got down the Valdez Arm and a little away from the mountains—but it was good to make Cordova on schedule.—8 PM: St. George's Cordova; Evening Prayer, Confirmation and sermon—with a class of six confirmed and one received from the Roman Church presented by Lay Vicar Page Kent who has done very excellent work here in Cordova for the past two years. He will be leaving with his wife to take additional training with the Church Army late this summer when the Rev. Lewis Hodgkins assumes his duties as Priest-in-Charge of St. George's. Met with St. George's Mission Committee afterward.

March 5: 7:30 AM: St. George's Corporate Communion for confirmation class.—10 AM: Celebrated Holy Communion. Spent much time checking on possible suitable housing for the Rev. Lewis Hodgkins and his wife when they come here in August.—7 PM: Parish dinner.

March 6: Flew to Fairbanks by following the Copper River Canyon to



Mr. and Mrs. Page Kent at Cordova



Chitina—again a very rough flight because of gusty north winds swirling over the mountains—home on schedule though!

March 9: Flew to Fort Yukon and back with seven hundred pounds of potatoes for hospital. Had conference with staff there.

March 11: 8:45 AM: Flew to Nenana, dropped the Rev. Richard Lambert for service here and flew on to Minto.—11 AM: Celebrated Holy Communion, baptized an infant and preached. Returned to Fairbanks via Nenana to pick up Mr. Lambert. Lay-readers took 11 AM service at St. Matthew's.

March 13: Flew to Fort Yukon with six hundred pounds of free moose meat. Picked up the Rev. Walter Hanum and dropped him for a visit in Beaver on the way back to Fairbanks.—PM: Took stove repair man to Minto to fix stove for Miss Bertha Mason. She has been without an oven all winter. Took an hour and a half to fly down and back and fifteen minutes to fix the stove!

March 15: Had planned to fly to Point Hope today but weather permits not!

March 18: Still waiting for Arctic Coast weather so today after morning service, took the Rev. Richard Lambert to Eagle. Tonight I had service in the Indian Village at St. John's Church and Mr. Lambert in St. Paul's three miles away.

March 19: Returned to Fairbanks.

March 20: Finally got off for Kotzebue and Point Hope, but encountered a weather front the weather bureau had lost (low clouds and snow) just west of the Koyukuk River and had to return to Hughes and stay overnight.

March 21: Off for Kotzebue and Point Hope. Snow flurries and fog along the Kobuk River, but was able to follow the river to Kotzebue Sound where the weather was better. At Kotzebue and Point Hope unloaded plane load of food unobtainable locally and flew on with the Rev. Row-

land Cox 160 miles northeastward to Point Lay—the northern extreme of our church work in Alaska.—PM: Celebrated Holy Communion and preached.

March 22: Weather bad in morning so visited in community. Some improvement later so Mr. Cox and I took off for Kivalina. Bad weather conditions at Cape Lisburne forced us to land at the Radar Station there, where we remained overnight and had a service for the personnel stationed in this isolated spot. Dr. Driggs, our first missionary to the Eskimos lies buried quite near this station.

March 23: Flew to Kivalina via Point Hope. Extremely windy (and cold) at both Point Hope and Kivalina.—PM: Kivalina; Fine service in Epiphany Church and pleasant visit, as usual with Milton Swan, our fine Eskimo layreader there.

March 24: Flew to Point Hope—still some wind, but not like yesterday. Herbert Kinneveauk, one of our layreaders, very thoughtfully cut down the worst of the snowdrifts on the beach and marked out a nice little spot—about five hundred feet long—for us to land.

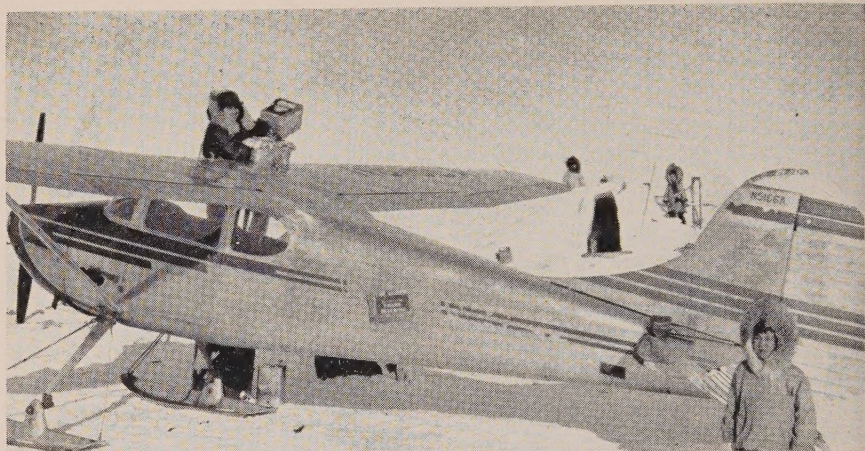
March 25: Splendid service in St. Thomas' Church—Holy Communion and Confirmation—196 people present—and how these people do sing! —PM: Flew to Kotzebue.—7:30 PM: St. George's Church; Evening Prayer and Confirmation. How wonderful to see the progress in this new mission under the direction of the Rev. Alwin Reiners. Chester Seveck interpreted my sermon very graphically. The snow in Kotzebue is really something—many of the houses are completely drifted over! It is fine to see how beautifully St. George's Church has been finished and what a help the additional all-purpose room on the rectory is.

March 26: Visited in Kotzebue in the morning then flew directly to Fairbanks (460 miles).

March 27-31: Worked in office.

April 1: Easter Day; Flew very early





Refueling the BLUE BOX at Pt. Hope

to Minto.—9 AM: St. Barnabas' Church, Holy Communion, Confirmation and Sermon. Confirmed ten candidates presented by Miss Bertha Mason, R. N.—Over one hundred people in church. After service flew to Nenana just in time for 11:15 AM service there with a fine congregation. Afterward baptized a child. 2 PM: Flew to Fairbanks and picked up the Rev. Richard Lambert, Rector of St. Matthew's Church and together we flew to Tanacross where we landed on the Tanana River just in front of the mission and I left him for an Easter service here this evening. Bob Greene, the regular priest-in-charge is now on furlough. I flew on to Tetlin where I celebrated the Easter Communion for our people there in the evening and remained overnight.

April 2: Flew back to Fairbanks via Tanacross to pick up Mr. Lambert. Had planned to go on to Eagle for service, but snow over the hills prevented that. Had to follow the Tanana River most of the way back to Fairbanks.

April 3: Flew to Tanana—took with me Dr. Jean Persons, physician in charge of the Tanana government hospital, who has been in the local hospital. Fog and snow most of the way.

April 4: 9 AM: St. James' Church; Celebrated Holy Communion.—11

AM: Officiated at the wedding of the Rev. Randall Mendelsohn and Miss Dorothy Buzzard, a nurse at the Tanana Hospital. Attended reception afterward.—PM: Flew to Fairbanks, accompanied by the bride and groom!

April 5: Flew to Anvik with stops at Holikachuk to drop a tank of propane gas and some food supplies for the Rev. Thomas Cleveland, and another stop at Shageluk to leave off some supplies for Miss Aubrey, our mission nurse.

April 6: Visited people at Anvik.—PM: Evening service and confirmation, followed by a movie and refreshments for the village—a very pleasant occasion.

April 7: Flew to Holikachuk—just ahead of a snowstorm! Dog races in the afternoon. Mr. Cleveland distinguished himself by coming in fifth!—PM: Community dinner in the Kashim—a very fine gathering of the community, and we had one of the church movies afterward. The dinner featured, among other things some very excellent beaver meat.

April 8: Morning service and confirmation in St. Paul's Church. In the afternoon flew with Mr. Cleveland to Shageluk.—PM: St. Luke's Church. A fine service with nearly a hundred people present. Miss Jean Aubrey, ou.





The Rev. Thomas G. Cleveland ready for Holikachuk dog race



mission nurse is doing a fine job here in every way.

April 9: Visited around Shageluk village and conferred with Miss Aubrey.—PM: Flew with Mr. Cleveland to Holikachuk then directly back to Fairbanks.

April 10: Flew with Mr. George Silides, a construction engineer, to Nenana to make plans for finishing up the new rectory there.—PM: Flew to Circle Hot Springs to pick up the honeymooners—Mr. and Mrs. Mendelsohn, and return them to Tanana—then back to Fairbanks.

April 11: Flew to Beaver to pick up Captain George Glander to take him to Nenana where he will be assigned for a few months. Some delay at Beaver when I broke the tail skis on the plane in some rough ground on the field. After getting Captain Glander settled in Nenana returned to Fairbanks.

April 13: Flew directly to Allakaket loaded with four hundred pounds of paint, a wet-cell storage battery for the Allakaket light plant and about one hundred pounds of food supplies and a new typewriter for our mission at Huslia.—PM: Participated in a

The Rev. Randall P. Mendelsohn and his bride—married at St. James' Mission, Tanana, April 5th







# CANADA



SEWARD DISTRICT OF ALASKA

Missions Preaching Stations

200 300 400 500 600



big Potlatch, honoring the memory of Billy Bergman, one of the grand old men of the village who died last fall. A most bountiful feast was provided and I received as a gift a beautiful pair of moosehide boots—music and dancing followed, featuring the Allakaket String Ensemble!

April 14: This was Carnival day at Allakaket featuring dog races, target shooting, a tea boiling contest and refreshments on the grounds (covered with snow!) An unexpected event was added when Frank Stevens, the teacher in the Allakaket School, the Rev. Richard Miller and the Bishop each borrowed a three-dog team and sled and raced over the two mile course. Unfortunately the trail was no trail—but bottomless snow and the three dogs had great difficulty pulling the weight of the ill-conditioned racers—so it was not a very speedy affair and the Bishop almost did not have enough breath left to preach the next

day, but 'twas fun anyway, and we all finished—even if not in record-breaking time!

April 15: St. John's-in-the-Wilderness, 9 AM; Celebrated Holy Communion. 11 AM: Morning Prayer, Confirmation and Sermon—a fine service. In the afternoon flew with Mr. and Mrs. Richard Miller to Bettles for a brief visit then to Hughes downriver where we remained overnight.—PM: Evening Prayer, Confirmation and Sermon.

April 16: Flew to Huslia—visited people. PM: Fine service with more than a hundred present and twelve confirmations. Miss Arlene Chatterton, our mission nurse has served here under difficult conditions, in a fine and uncomplaining way.

April 17: Flew directly to Fairbanks leaving Mr. and Mrs. Richard Miller to take the mail plane back upriver tomorrow.



The Bishop starting out in the Allakaket dog race. (PS: He should have taken the plane instead!)





Dick and Neenie Miller and  
Abraham Oldman at Hughes.

April 22: 6:30 AM; Flew to Eagle. Plane still on skis. Found no snow on landing field, but finally picked out smooth place on the Yukon River ice to land just in front of Eagle village. In the process managed to wake up all the inhabitants for service!—11 AM: St. John's, Holy Communion, baptism and sermon. We have no priest in charge of this work, so I try to get here as often as I can on a free Sunday for services. Flew back to Fairbanks (200 miles). This was a beautiful day and the mountain peaks between Eagle and Fairbanks (six to seven thousand feet and very jagged) were beautiful in the sunlight—but I think they would not provide a very comfortable landing place!

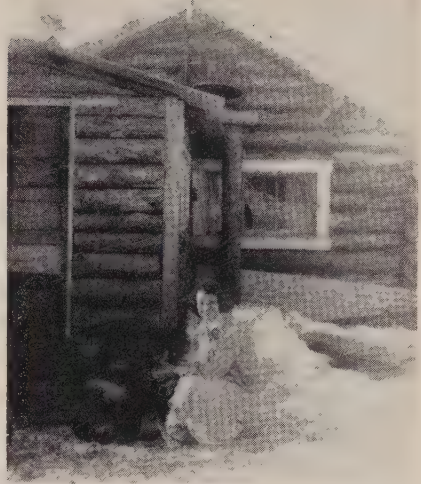
As April ends I am now writing copy for the Alaskan Churchman and preparing for a nine day speaking tour in the States that will take me to Colorado Springs, Omaha, San Antonio, New Orleans, New York and back to Petersburg, Alaska. Whatever life may be in the Missionary District of Alaska—no one can say it is dull!

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Last minute appointments:

Rev. Malcolm H. Miner as Rector of All Saints', Anchorage.

Mr. Alexander C. Zabriskie, Jr., Assistant at St. Matthew's, Fairbanks.



Miss Arlene Chatterton, R.N.,  
in front of mission cabin at  
Huslia

The Rev. Albert J. Sayers, who has served for the past five years as Rector of All Saints' Parish, Anchorage, will go on furlough this spring with his wife and two sons. When the Sayers return to the field late in the summer Fr. Sayers will assume new duties as Priest-in-Charge of St. Andrew's Mission, Petersburg. We are delighted to have a man of Fr. Sayers ability and experience to be the first resident priest in Petersburg and we are certain that the work in this fishing community will go forward under his leadership.

Great credit should go to the Rev. Hugh F. Hall for his splendid work in founding and getting this mission on its feet, and we are delighted too that now Fr. Hall can give his full time to the growing work in Wrangell and at the Wrangell Institute.

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The Rev. Norman Elliott, District Missioner, returned to Fairbanks from regular furlough on April 24th.

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Miss Jean E. Aubrey returned to her post in Shageluk on February 29th after recuperating for three months from a broken leg at Fort Yukon.

# TWO PRIESTS TO LEAVE ALASKA

Alaska loses two valuable staff members when the Rev. L. Russell Clapp of Seward and the Rev. Richard S. Miller of Allakaket go on furlough this summer. Both men will take up new work in the States and will not be returning to Alaska. Surely we will miss them here.

Fr. Clapp came to Seward in September of 1949 with his wife and four children. Since that time real progress has been seen in the work at Seward, both in the fabric of the physical plant and in the spiritual development of the church. In addition Fr. Clapp has served faithfully and well in caring for the patients at the Seward Sanitorium and in establishing an itinerant mission work on the Kenai Peninsula at Kenai, Homer, and Seldovia. He will be missed all over the area and we wish God's blessing on the whole Clapp family wherever they may be.

Mr. Carter van Waes whose appointment was announced in the last issue of the Churchman will succeed Fr. Clapp in Seward, effective early in August. The Rev. Thomas G. Cleveland of Holikachuk will supply St. Peter's Church during the summer months.

Dick and Neenie Miller came to Alaska on their honeymoon in 1953 following Dick's ordination to the diaconate in Milwaukee. Mr. Miller was the first man ever to be stationed on the Koyukuk after almost fifty years of devoted ministry by women church workers. He has done much for the village, and one of the most effective monuments to his ministry is the AK Store, a community project established to meet a great need for a source of supplies in the isolated community.

Mrs. Miller has given much of her time to the medical work of the village and both Dick and Neenie will be missed along the Koyukuk. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Russell will take over

this ministry in the late summer, with Mr. Phil Porcher, Jr., of the Virginia Seminary filling in during the early summer before Mr. Russell arrives. We wish godspeed to Dick and Neenie and little Cynthia and they will have our interest wherever they may be.



The Rev. and Mrs. T. G. Cleveland, with John and Tom. (Little Sarah was asleep when the picture was taken.) Mr. Cleveland, stationed at Holikachuk, will supply St. Peter's, Seward, during the summer

The Rev. Cameron Harriot returned with his family from regular furlough on April 17th and is now settled as Priest-in-Charge of St. Elizabeth's Mission, Ketchikan. Mr. Harriot will be succeeded at St. Mark's Mission, Nenana, by Mr. and Mrs. Lee W. Stratman—new workers whose appointment was announced in the February issue of the Alaskan Churchman.

The Rev. and Mrs. Lewis Hodgkins left Ketchikan on furlough following Mr. Harriot's arrival and will return to Alaska late in the summer to as-



sume new duties at St. George's Mission, Cordova.

Fr. Hodgkins will be the first resident priest in Cordova in twenty-five years. However, he will build on a wonderful foundation laid in the work there for the past two years by lay workers Page and Lois Kent, and surely the work at St. George's will go forward because of the impetus given by the leadership of Mr. Kent and now Fr. Hodgkins.

Dr. S. Donald Palmer resigned as physician-in-charge of the Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital early in the new year and left to join his family in the States March 1st. Dr. Palmer did fine work at Fort Yukon and we will miss him there. It is hoped that a new doctor will be appointed for this important post, but we have no one directly in sight.

## NEW WORKERS

We are delighted to announce the appointment of four new workers to serve the Church in Alaska. They include two soon-to-be deacons, a nurse, and a religious education worker.

Mr. Jack Dempsey Russell will graduate from the Theological Seminary of the Southwest soon and comes to Alaska as the first missionary appointed by the National Council from the new Texas seminary. Jack will be ordained in June and will come to Alaska with his wife, Jane, in mid-summer to serve at St. John's-in-the-Wilderness at Allakaket. Here Mr. Russell will succeed the Rev. Richard S. Miller as Minister-in-charge of the Koyukuk mission.

Jack Russell is no newcomer to Alaska having served as an Infantry Officer in the Territory in 1948-49, being stationed at Anchorage, Fairbanks and Big Delta. Both Mr. and Mrs. Russell are natives of Texas and so Bob Greene will no longer have to stand alone in defense of that great state! We are delighted to have the Russells as members of our Alaskan family and pray that God will richly



Mr. Jack D. Russell

bless them in their ministry at Allakaket.

Mr. Richard Frank Simmonds of Troy, New York and the Berkeley Divinity School comes to Alaska following his graduation in June. Mr. Simmonds will be ordained to the



Mr. Richard Simmonds

diaconate in the Diocese of Albany on May 27th.

Mr. Simmonds will probably serve the Stevens Village-Beaver-Venetie field with residence at Stevens Village and working with Captain George Glander in ministering to the people of this Yukon Valley area. There are rich opportunities for a most meaningful ministry among our people in these villages who have been long neglected and without any continuous spiritual ministration for twenty-five years.

Richard Simmonds is a graduate of Troy High School and Kenyon College. He is unmarried and comes to Alaska to serve God and His Church in a fine spirit as stated on his appointment papers "He is willing to go wherever he is needed." We surely need him on the Yukon and may God guide him in the opportunities to serve there.

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A third appointee is Miss Caroline Templeton. She too is no stranger to Alaska, having served with our summer volunteer team in 1955. Caroline graduates from St. Margaret's House in Berkeley, California, in June and will come to Alaska about August 1st.

Carrie will fill a newly created post in the District. She will live in Anchorage and serve part time as Director of Religious Education for All Saints' Parish. In addition, she will bear the imposing title of District Director of Religious Education, and she will be available to help set up religious education programs in our various missions; conduct teacher training institutes, and also she will supervise our increasingly large summer daily vacation bible school program. There is no question but that she will fill a valuable place in our District family and we are surely pleased to have her choose to come back to Alaska.

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Renew your subscription to the Alaskan Churchman!



Miss Susan Carter, PHN

A new nurse comes to serve in the District about September 1st, when Miss Susan Elizabeth Carter comes to Fort Yukon from Duxbury, Massachusetts. Miss Carter will relieve Miss Harriet Keefer when she goes on regular furlough in the fall. Miss Carter, a public health nurse, has had a wealth of experience in the nursing field and has served since 1941 as Nurse-in-Charge of the Duxbury Nursing Association.

In addition Miss Carter has been most active in her local parish life having served as President of the Altar Guild, volunteer organist and choir director, and as a leader for the young people of the parish. We rejoice in this experience because while our nurses come to Alaska as nurses, they are likewise appointed missionaries and so their primary responsibility like priests appointed to the field is for the spiritual welfare of our people and for a daily Christian witness in the community. We feel that Miss Carter will admirably serve in both our physical and spiritual ministries in Alaska and we look forward to her arrival in the field.



# ON THE FIRING LINE

By Bishop Rowe

The following article is a transcript from the Alaskan Churchman, August 1920—(Compare the office of the Bishop, 1896-1956).

I was elected as the Bishop of Alaska at the General Convention held in Minneapolis, Minnesota, October, 1895. The consecration service was held in St. George's Church, New York City, St. Andrew's Day, November 30th, 1895. I returned to Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, and tarried with my beloved people of St. James' Parish until my successor as Rector came to take charge.

He came early in January, 1896, and the Sunday he assumed charge was memorable because of severe snow-storms and a four-foot fall of snow. Leaving with my family, we traveled by way of Chicago, St. Louis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Tacoma, and Seattle. Here the Rev. Henry Beer, who was appointed

to be the missionary at Juneau, joined me.

Anticipating a journey across the mountains and through the Interior of Alaska, I bought an "outfit" in Seattle and engaged a young man, Dick Emmons, to accompany me. The day came to say good-bye to civilization and we sailed on the City of Topeka for Juneau, leaving my family in Tacoma.

After a sea journey of five days, we arrived at Juneau. We touched only at Ketchikan on the way, then only a small saltery with one white family and a few Indians; also at Wrangell, one of the earliest white settlements, consisting of a white and Indian population of several hundred in all.

At this latter place, we took on a few passengers. In conversation with one of these, he said: "I have no use for missionaries." This rather chilled



Bishop Rowe and Confirmation Class along Tanana River, 1909

my enthusiasm. I wondered what reason there could be for such a remark. I learned in time that it was because the missionaries had, so far, let it be understood that they had come to work on behalf of the Indians, that they "had no use for the white people." Then I understood, and there was no more surprise. I there and then determined that this opinion would be changed. And, thank God, it has been, as I verily believe and know.

But, how shall I describe Juneau and my advent there? It is impossible in the space at my disposal. First we had great difficulty in finding even a small room in a cabin that night where we could lay our blankets. But we succeeded. The town was small and crowded. It was an outfitting place for the few men who were adventuring into parts far and near to prospect. It was a "night" town at the time. There were several theaters, dance halls and gambling places. By day the place was quiet. But all night long there was life and lights and music. Close by was the mining town of Treadwell.

Religiously, the town was served with a Roman Catholic Priest, who had his own Church building. There was a Presbyterian minister, but his services were for the Indians. The only minister, outside of the Roman Catholic Priest, who ministered solely to the white people, was the Rev. Dr. Nevins, whom Bishop Barker had loaned and sent to Juneau temporarily. Finding him ill, I waited on him and feel that pneumonia was accordingly averted. He left soon after our arrival.

There was a quaint little log church, called the "Union Church." It was some years later sold by the Presbyterians and turned, I am sorry to say, into a brewery. I had tried to buy it. However, it was in the "Union Church" that Mr. Beer and I held services from the first. Our Church people were few, but were deeply appreciative. Two lots had been obtained for a Church. I made the final payment on them. Then plans were made for the building of a Church

and Rectory, which plans were carried out under the Rev. Henry Beer, Priest-in-charge, while I was absent on my first long journey. The Rectory was built from such funds as my friends in the States had given me. The Church was largely built by the donations of Juneau people.

A visit was now made to Sitka "the beautiful" and the capital. Here I leased an unfinished house for a home for my family. I would have probably made Juneau the Bishop's residence, only neither house nor lot could be found. Returning to Juneau, I soon started, with my companion, for my journey into the Interior.

### OFF ON MY FIRST JOURNEY

Amid the farewell wishes of Juneau friends, we sailed on a tug for Dyea, the head of Lynn Canal. This journey of 100 miles through inland waters, past numerous islands, with mountains snow covered on either side and mighty glaciers here and there, was one never to be forgotten. At Dyea, we had to wade ashore in top rubber boots, breaking the ice and packing ashore our outfit on our backs. There was a small trading post here. Chilcat Indians, anything but friendly, were camped around. With our sleds, two, loaded with about 450 pounds to the sled, the rope about our necks, we set our faces to the north, the unknown, so far as our knowledge went, and tugged our loads along. Soon we were in a deep, narrow canyon, where the precipitous rocks rose beyond the sight of our eyes. The falling waters were deafening. We were alone in the great wilderness. The foot of Chilcoot Pass—and "Pass" seems wrong—was finally reached. Here and there we had to circle great ice blocks that had rolled down from the heights. It took us days of heart-breaking work to climb, with packs of 100 pounds on our backs, up this last steep 1,500 feet of Chilcoot Pass.

It was here, in 1898, that 80 lives were overwhelmed in an avalanche. In 1898 there were so many men bent on getting over this Pass that steps were cut in the snow up this steep, with wide places where the



over weary could rest, with a line running from the bottom to the top, and pictures show a continuous line of men on the way like black insects on a white sheet.

We stood at last on what seemed the peak of the world, and our outfit safely there with us. That outfit meant life to us. On all sides, near and far away, there spread around us a sea of snow-covered mountain peaks. Again our sleds were loaded, our necks set within the rope, and we were off dragging our heavy loads. Our clothes had suffered from the frequent trips down the steep side of Chilcoot, and when we came to timber line and made our first camp, lacking other material, we used our empty flour sacks for patches and tramped along stamped "Pillsbury's Best." Every morning our backs ached, the cause being the cold striking through our sleeping bags, which had for their bed the snow of many feet in depth.

Coming, after many days of hard travel, to a place where the timber seemed good, we decided to go into camp and build a boat. Here we found seven men who had preceded us two months or more in camp and waiting to build their boats. They were old-time prospectors. Discovering who I was, the object of my journey, satisfied by reason of the simple religious services I held, they offered to saw lumber and build my boat. It was fine; but I could not be idle. My companion had to learn how to whipsaw, even as I had to. It means being a human sawmill. It means outraged muscles and nerves. But we learned. Our boat was the first built.

Being in a hurry, spring nearing, rivers opening, we decided to move on, though I was loath to part from these kind and friendly men. One wag said that as they had offered to saw my lumber and build my boat, he thought that I ought to stay and do that for them. Loading our newly made boat on the two sleds, putting on it our outfit, with both of us on the line, we started over the lakes still locked in their wintry covering of ice and snow.

The days that followed spell only hard and weary work, so tired out that we laid down in our sleeping-bags, in our tracks, too weary to make a fire and boil some tea. Finally, to our joy, we came to open water, the river issuing from the lakes. Now it would be easier. The sleds were now put into the boat—the boat had been recalked—and we were off. What a relief! The current bore us on our way, even if we did not row. The river seemed alive with ducks of every kind. We killed enough for our use and they offered a happy change from the monotonous beans, bacon and sourdough cakes. Gentle rolling hills, with valleys spruce covered, took the place of the cold, skyscraping mountains. We reveled in the change. Soon Myles Canyon appeared in front of us. Before attempting to run this, I went ashore, scaled the heights, followed them along the edge of the canyon, passed down into that narrow gorge through which the river surged, having a high white crest in the center. Having studied it, I thought that I could take the boat safely through it.

We reloaded the boat, trimming it airtight for the venturesome ordeal. We lashed provisions enough to the boat, that in case we capsized or swamped, we were sure of enough food to live on. We also put along the boat lifelines to cling to. We were all alone. It was a flying trip we made of it—into and out of the great whirlpool—but safely through.

Before venturing on the succeeding Squaw Rapids and White Horse Rapids, I had to rest and restore my nerves. These we safely achieved the next day. So it was with Five Finger Rapids and Rink Rapids.

Finally we landed at the mouth of the Klondike river, now without habitation or human being, but within two years to be swarming with thousands of gold-seeking men from all parts of the world.

We next made Forty Mile, a mining camp of some years, where the Alaska Commercial Company had a trading post; also the North American Transportation Company; a garrison of the

Mounted Police, and the See House of the great missionary of the C. M. S., Bishop Bompas. The Bishop was not at home, but I had a nice visit with Mrs. Bompas. Later I met Bishop Bompas at Fort Yukon.

Two hundred and eighty miles brought us to Circle City, said to be, at the time, the largest log mining camp in the world. Mining on the creeks, forty miles more or less back of Circle City, was in full swing. Saloons, dance halls, gambling abounded. An enterprising man had built a large log opera house. I am not sure that any troupes visited the camp. It was, I know, kindly loaned me for services—the first ever to be held here—and I look back upon them with a real pleasure. The attendance was always good. Here I made a bargain for church lots. As the people pleaded for a hospital, I laid plans to give them one. The mosquitoes were fearful.

Here it was that the Rev. Jules Prevost met me. He had come up the river from Fort Adams, hunting for a nurse. He found one. Here I first met William Loola and appointed him a lay catechist for Fort Yukon. A camp of nearly two hundred Indians, poor, diseased, hung on the edges of Circle City. I ministered to them as best I could. They stirred me to the deepest interest and sympathy. We have never been able to do for them what we might and ought to have done. The reason was simply want of workers and then of means. But we have tried to do our best. Having bought a discarded saloon building for hospital purposes and done all that the time permitted, I gave away my self-built boat that had served me so well, and set forth again in a river steamer.

We came to Fort Yukon. It had once been a large community. At the first time of seeing it, there were few people here. There was a trader. Once a Hudson Bay post existed here. And Church of England missionaries served. Archdeacon Kirkley was here for a time. Archdeacon MacDonald often visited here. And here I met Bishop Bompas, to great joy. From

him, with his years of experience and wisdom and missionary achievements, I sought the advice which would guide me in my work. From him I obtained the loan of Mr. H. Bowen, of Forty Mile, a candidate for holy orders. Mr. Bowen took charge of Circle City for the winter of 1896-1897. Having selected a site for a Mission at Fort Yukon, we went on and arrived in due time at St. James' Mission, Fort Adams. Dr. Mary L. Glenton was here waiting on Mrs. Prevost when her first-born child came. Dr. Glenton left, on the steamer by which I arrived, for the Outside. She had suffered fearfully from rheumatism in two years and had to go out.

Fort Adams was a Mission, begun by the Church of England. The Rev. Mr. Prevost relieved Archdeacon Canham. There was a village of some two hundred Indians. It was a point to which Indians came in the spring from all sections of the surrounding country. Mr. Prevost had won a great and deserved reputation because of the long winter journeys he made for his successful medical treatment of many a prospector. He issued the "Yukon Press" twice a year, the first paper printed in the Interior. Here I held my first Confirmation service in Alaska. After a delightful visit, I went on to Anvik, where the Rev. Mr. Chapman had a class of sixteen waiting and prepared for Confirmation. Deaconess Sabine was Mr. Chapman's sole, but enthusiastic helper. What years of varying experience, of varying results, these servants of the Lord labored, but ever with joyful faith; fidelity that could not be discouraged, and with the happiest associations.

The journey continued to St. Michael, thence by the cutter "Bear" to Unalaska and finally a thousand miles home to Sitka on the monthly run of the steamer "Dora." Here I found my family settled and a happy welcome and rest after thus long and interesting journey.

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Anchorage	All Saints'	The Rev. Albert J. Sayers
		The Rev. Philip E. Jerauld
Fairbanks	St. Matthew's	The Rev. Richard T. Lambert
	District Missioner	The Rev. Norman H. V. Elliott
Juneau	Holy Trinity	The Rev. Samuel A. McPhetres
Ketchikan	St. John's	The Rev. J. Kenneth Watkins

## MISSIONS

Allakaket	St. John's-in-the-Wilderness	The Rev. Richard S. Miller
Anchorage	St. Mary's	Asst. All Saints'
Anvik	Christ Church	The Rev. Glen M. Wilcox
Beaver	St. Matthew's	Capt. George S. Glander
Cordova	St. George's	The Rev. Lewis Hodgkins (On Furlough)
		Mr. Page H. Kent
Eagle	St. John's and St. Paul's	The Bishop
Ft. Yukon	St. Stephen's	The Rev. Walter W. Hannum
		Mr. Isaac Tritt
		Miss Betty Marvin
	Hudson Stuck	Miss Harriet H. Keefer, P.H.N.
	Memorial Hospital	Miss Irene Burnham, R.N.
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Seward	St. Peter's	The Rev. L. Russell Clapp
Shageluk	St. Luke's	Miss Jean E. Aubrey, R. N.
Sitka	St. Peter's-by-the-Sea	The Rev. Henry H. Chapman
Tanana	St. James'	The Rev. Randall P. Mendelsohn
Tanacross	St. Timothy's	The Rev. Robert B. Greene
Valdez	Epiphany	The Rev. Robert Grumbine
Wrangell	St. Philip's	The Rev. Hugh F. Hall

## OUTSTATIONS

Annette Island	Chalkyitsik	Rampart	Seldovia
Arctic Village	Dot Lake	Pt. Lay	Skagway
Big Delta	Homer	Mt. Edgecumbe	Stevens Village
Bettles	Hot Springs	Noatak	Tetlin
Circle	Hughes	Nome	Venetie
Coschaket	Kenai	Palmer	Wrangell Institute

